20c per copy
$2.00 " year

MARCH, 1949

The Liberalist

PUBLISHED BY THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

That Hopeful Feeling

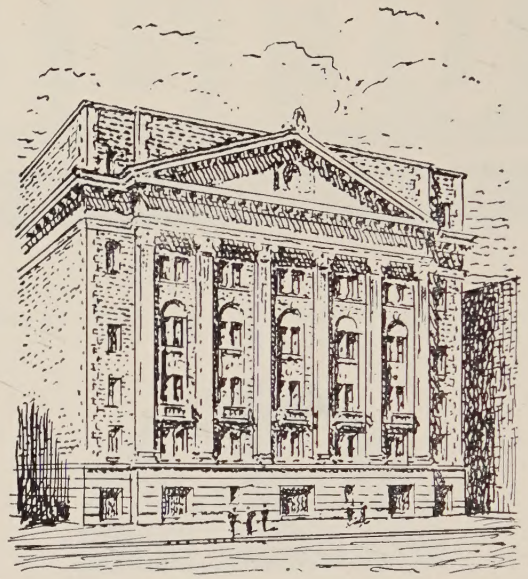
by Frank L. Stanton

We're sorter feelin' hopeful that spring's a-comin' 'long.
We'll sing to all creation in a halleluia song
That the cities will grow bigger, an' where the valleys sleep
There'll be harvests for the hungry in golden sheaves to reap.

We're sorter feelin' hopeful that the darkness of the way
Will blossom into beauty of the most unclouded day;
That the rivers will be singin'—the winds in music blow,
An' the violets will be sweeter for the fallin' of the snow.

We're sorter feelin' hopeful—we know the light is there;
For all the weary winter there's a bird's song in the air;
There's love an' light abidin'—each daisy'll feel the dew;
Behind the clouds are hidin' bright stars and skies of blue.

Then glory halleluia! Lord, send the sun an' rain,
An' crown the happy hill tops, an' bless the field an' plain!
We're goin' on together—the darkest days are past
An' who cares for the weather if it brings us light at last?



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

Declaration of Principles

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious, not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

The Liberalist
PRESTON BRADLEY, Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY, Associate Editor

Volume XXV **March, 1949** *Number 12*

"STOP WORRYING AND START LIVING"

(PART III)

SERMON BY DR. PRESTON BRADLEY
Pastor of the Peoples Church of Chicago
December 5, 1948

THURSDAY of this week I had a very interesting experience, one which I have had before, but always with increasing and sustained interest. I was speaking Thursday night at the Junior Association of Commerce Recommendation dinner in Rockford, and on my way to Rockford I have to pass through Belvidere . . . and incidentally, I see some friends from Rockford here in the congregation this morning who have driven in to this service from Rockford. They have come all the way from Rockford to attend this service. Doesn't that make that chap in a bathrobe, going through the Sunday papers, sitting in his room around the corner from this Church feel ashamed of himself? To think that people would come in from Rockford, and this fellow, in his home, is within two blocks of the Church.

. . . Well, going out to Rockford, I stopped at Belvidere. Whenever I go anywhere near Belvidere, 35, 40 or 50 miles, it doesn't make any difference to me, I take time to visit one of the most interesting personalities I have ever met, or ever known, or probably ever will meet or ever know, and that is our dear friend and ardent listener, May L. Ferguson. Now, there may be some of you who do not know anything about Miss Ferguson, but to me and to many of my listeners, and to many of our friends, it is a great name. Who is May Ferguson? When she was a little girl in her early, early teens, she had a frightful accident, she was thrown from a load of hay, I think it was, and her spine was injured, and this is her fifty-fourth year in which she has been confined to her bed—she has been in bed helpless for fifty-four years. O, I wish I could take each one in this congregation this morning, and every person listening to me, into her room, and have you sit down beside her and look into her face! I stopped at her little home in Belvidere Friday night, it was growing dark, the lights were on, and as we drove up in front of her little home I could see through the window —the shades were up, and there she was, lying in bed. Her door is never locked night or day. Friendly and kindly neighbors come in and out watching

over her, taking care of her. I opened the door and I said, "Is anybody home?" and a voice came out of her bedroom, to the right as you enter the door, "Why, Doctor Bradley, I knew you would come; I knew you were going to be in Rockford tonight, and I was sure that you would stop sometime this week and see me." Then her smile. And you know the first thing she said to me. . . . I visit and am in hospitals every day of my life, I talk to sick people all the time every day of my life, and she is the biggest challenge I have to face. I just lose all the technique and don't know what to do, I am completely baffled, for you know I know so many people in pretty good health, getting along well and with everything going along fine, and then they get a toothache, or something happens, and you would think the world was coming to an end, and they gripe about it, and get ugly about it . . . and I see so many thousands of people like that, so that when I see an angel on earth, I am baffled. Always her face is wreathed in a smile and the first thing she said to me was, "Why, Doctor Bradley, you know I don't have anything to do in this world except just lie here and count my blessings, and I go over them again and again, all the lovely letters that people write me, all the kindness of my neighbors, all of my friends. Why," she said to me, "it is so beautiful, life is so beautiful." Then she said, "I almost begrudge the time that I sleep because life is so beautiful." And I said to her, "Well, Miss Ferguson, how long is it now that you have been in bed here, helpless?" "O," she said, "I don't count years. To be exact, I think it is the fifty-fourth year, but I don't count years, all I have time to do is to count my blessings."

All during the war she had a long list of Belvidere boys in the Army and Navy throughout the world and she wrote to every one of them, and they are all "her" boys, and the love and attachment that comes to her is the most beautiful thing I know, and the last word she said to me as I left her house was, "You know, Doctor Bradley, I never worry, I never worry about anything. This is all right, this is all right. I cannot understand, I cannot see, I cannot fathom things out, but I accept life, and the only thing I want to do"—she has said it often to me—"is just to help people; I just want to help people all the time. Anything I can do to help people I want to do it, within my limitations." And her very last words to me were, "I'll be in my front seat Sunday morning at the service." She calls her radio her "front seat." She listens every Sunday morning to every word and every note of music of this service straight through from the beginning to the end, and she said, "Don't forget, I will be in my front seat Sunday morning at Church," and she is: I can see her across the miles right into that little home in Belvidere now, almost like a little, beautiful spirit, with that tiny, impoverished body, but with a soul as big as the sky, and a heart that encompasses the heart of the world—"I will be in my front seat Sunday morning. I never worry."

Don't you wish you could be like that? How I wish I could. Now, I am a preacher and I am supposed to preach about "Stop Worrying and Start Living"—why, sometimes somebody ought to preach to me because I can do the best job of worrying that you ever thought of in your life, and I have to be constantly, constantly on guard.

I think there are one or two things we ought to do about it. We ought to, as clearly and definitely as we can, get our minds made up that there is a difference between justified concern and devitalizing worry. I think every per-

son who has a first rate conception of life and wants to live life adequately does have certain fundamental concerns. I think those concerns are perfectly justified. A person who is not constantly on guard is a person who is very apt to become disarmed, and if we become disarmed life is rather apt to do something brutal to us one of these days if the armament is not there, so I think there is a certain amount of concern that all of us are justified in having, but I am talking about the devitalizing, agonizing, gnawing principle of worry, in all that name implies.

Here is a little thing I found the other day about this worry business. A number of years ago one of our humorists, Ed Howe, was a columnist on our Chicago Daily News, and he formed what he called, rather whimsically, a "Don't Worry Club." I am thinking of founding one of those myself, a "Don't Worry Club," and I am going to ask everybody who joins it, all the listeners and everybody, to send $1.00 to the Church so I won't worry. I think that will solve our financial problem. We have a problem—we are $200,000 or $300,000 in debt and we have a problem here. If everybody listening to me now, and everybody in this Church, would just simply say, "Doctor Bradley, I don't want you to worry any more about that, here is a dollar bill," we could solve the problem. By the way, it is a nice morning to do that, it is rainy, you are home, not in Church some of you, and I am talking to a lot of people and already they are beginning to worry and are saying, "What kind of a preacher is that?" I think it would be a good week for me to found a "Don't Worry Club," so everybody just send a dollar and write, "Here's for the 'Don't Worry' Club," and call it a "Don't Worry dollar." I just thought of that right now; it just came to my mind this instant.

Well, Ed Howe founded a "Don't Worry Club" and they said of him that he worried a lot and built a house on it. I will explain that to the rest of you after the service is over. I don't apologize for this little bit of facetiousness, this is the kind of a morning to get the cobwebs out of our brains. We are almost the last people in the world who can laugh out loud. They are not laughing in Europe today. There are millions not laughing in China. There is not much laughter anywhere in the world, except in America. We ought to be grateful that we can still smile. I don't know how long we can continue, but we can now, and we ought to be grateful. You know the kind of church person who says, "I don't like that Church, they smile and laugh and have fun." They want to hear a preacher speak in a voice that sounds like a mausoleum and who says, "The World is coming to an end!!" If that's what you want to hear, go and hear it; you will not hear it here in this pulpit, or this Church. Instead of accepting the end of the world, we are going to try to do something to prevent it: we believe in this world.

Well, let's get on with this Ed Howe business. He said, "I coined it for my own salvation. I used to be a tremendous, frightful worrier. What was I worrying about? Someone has said that if you put down your worries where you can look at them, that there will not be any worry." So he listed his worries in percentages as follows: *40%* of his worries, he discovered, came from what he imagined were going to be disasters, but which he found out later never happened at all. *30%* were about decisions he had made in the past and about which he could do nothing. Is there anything in this world more foolish than to worry about something that you cannot do anything about? And he said that 30% of his

worries were about decisions he had arrived at in the past and about which he could do nothing. Like getting married he decided. You make the decision, and there it is; so you might as well not worry about that! *15%* of his worries were about sickness, that he might have a breakdown of health, or something might happen to his mind, none of which ever happened. Then he worried *12%* about his family, his wife and his children. That is a pretty low percentage. Nothing very serious ever happened to any of them.

When he got all through there was still *3%* and he figured that he no doubt had some occasion when he really had something to worry about.

When he got all through, here was his analysis: 97% of the time had been wasted; he was less than half alive; 97% of the time he was miserable and ineffective, and that only for 3% of the time was there a general, vibrant, dynamic concern justified about life. That is one interesting point of view.

I like the one, and I think Dale Carnegie speaks about it in his book, "Stop Worrying and Start Living"—where Robert Maynard Hutchins, Chancellor of our University of Chicago, who at one time had occasion to talk to Julius Rosenwald, and I have always regretted that Julius Rosenwald did not say it to me because I have had occasion to speak to him in the old days, but he did not say it to me, but to Robert Maynard Hutchins. Mr. Hutchins was talking with Mr. Rosenwald one day and he said to him, "Mr. Rosenwald, how is it you carry this great responsibility [and at that particular time there was very grave danger of something serious happening to Sears, Roebuck & Company, and Mr. Rosenwald was carrying that through a very treacherous and dangerous time]; you do it with such calmness, you don't seem to let this matter worry you at all, what is the secret of your not worrying?" This is what Julius Rosenwald said—you will have to follow through carefully—"When I have a lemon, I make lemonade." Now, I have had a few lemons handed to me in my lifetime, and so has everyone in this congregation. Every person has had to face the real bitterness and acidity of life—we have had a lemon, but Julius Rosenwald just made a lemonade with it.

I think it was something like that that was in the heart and soul of the deaf Beethoven. He was handed a lemon, and he made lemonade—Beethoven's deafness: great music.

I think it was something like that in the life of Tschaikowski, when Tschaikowski, with the creative, primitive temperament of the Slav, found himself in the tragedy of an unhappy marriage, and for years agonized with his creative spirit in the environment of an unhappy home. I think that perhaps Tschaikowski could write the Symphony Pathetique from the lemon of his life.

I think probably that was how John Milton, blind, but with the eyes of the soul, could see a Paradise Lost and a Paradise Regained: the blindness of John Milton was the lemon from which he wrote.

I think that Arthur Kavanaugh, without arms and without legs, was handed a pretty acid deal by life (and there are a lot of people who are) but Arthur Kavanaugh, without arms and without legs, carried in a basket all of his life, became a distinguished leader of a great Parliament; handed a pretty raw deal, but he turned it into a delectable joy. Helen Keller has moved in a world where her only impressions of that world have come from the sensitiveness of touch; denied sight, hearing, voice; the hand of her friend and teacher make the universe articulate to

her; yet Helen Keller grew into a philosophy of beauty that is a joy to all who know her. Handed a pretty raw deal, yet she made out of it the sweetness and the beauty of triumphant living. And it reminds me of what Alfred Adler once said, "The challenge of life is to overhaul the minus into the plus; take the minus of life, the obstacles, the things we have had to overcome, the environment which challenges, the tragedies that break our hearts, the disillusionment of loved ones, the disappointment of love, a million things assaulting the heart and soul of every one of us, and taking it all and making some beautiful thing out of it. It can be done. And, Ole Bull, a great artist and violinist, before that great audience in an auditorium where every single space was occupied, in a great auditorium in Europe, where they were breathless; and this great artist with his violin, in a very critical moment of interpretation, when a strange quality of Ole Bull's soul was blending itself into every movement of finger and bow and every gesture and technique of interpretation, and the "A" string on the violin broke, and he had to think in the midst of the one second when it snapped . . . what did Ole Bull do on that great occasion? Did it defeat him? Did he become hysterical, or show temperament? No! Ole Bull finished the melody and the beauty of it, on the three remaining strings of his violin. That's the way it is with life, when the "A" string breaks, finish life on the other three; the music of victory will accompany you every step of the way. Try it.

THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

941 Lawrence Avenue

Sunday Morning Services. . . 11 o'clock
Broadcast by WJJD
Sunday Evening Services. . 7:30 o'clock
Not Broadcast
Church School. . . . Sundays, 9:30 a.m.
Mr. Robert Crosswhite, Supt.
LENT begins on March 2nd
PALM SUNDAY is April 10th
EASTER is April 17th

MARCH AND APRIL BOOK LECTURES

March 2—"The Universe and Dr. Einstein," by Lincoln Barnett.
March 9—"The God Seeker," by Sinclair Lewis.
March 16—"The Mature Mind," by H. A. Overstreet.
March 23—"The Seven Storey Mountain," by Thomas Merton.
March 30—"Death Be Not Proud," by John Gunther.
April 6—"The Sin of Our Age," by D. R. Davies.
April 13—"Journey Through The Bible," by Walter Ferguson.

USHERS' CLUB TO PRESENT A MARCH PROGRAM

Annually the Ushers' Club, composed of those faithful men who so conscientiously serve the church all year, with little fanfare, but with a great sense of duty and kindness, presents some outstanding program. This program event of the Ushers is always well worth attending.

On Monday, March 21, at 8 o'clock in Anderson Hall, they will present an evening of very special movies: The Rosebowl Football Game will be shown, as well as the California Parade of Roses, and "Wheels A-Rolling" in technicolor. The admission will be 65¢,

including tax. The public is welcome and all those who enjoy the service of the Ushers' Club through the year will want to be there and to bring their friends.

UPTOWN PLAYERS

March Play and Drama Tea

The March activities of The Uptown Players will get under way with the March Drama Tea which will be held on Sunday, March 6, at 4 o'clock in Anderson Hall of The Peoples Church. This will be a St. Patrick's tea, under the able management of their newly appointed and extremely attractive social chairman, Anne Crawford. The Uptown Players' monthly drama teas are becoming increasingly popular. It's a delightful way to spend a Sunday afternoon and then go upstairs for the evening service. The tea program features, as a rule, two one-act plays under the direction of members of the players, as well as music, and interesting comments by their founder-director, J. Bradley-Griffin.

The March production of The Uptown Players at the 11th Street Theatre will be Norman Krasna's hilarious comedy, JOHN LOVES MARY. It will open on Wednesday evening, March 9, and play Thursday evening, March 10; Saturday evening, March 12; and Sunday afternoon, March 13. The evening performances begin at 8:30 and the Sunday afternoon performance at 3 o'clock. Lovers of good, clean comedy will thoroughly enjoy this story of a returned GI whose good intentions get him into some extremely funny situations. There will be several new faces in the cast as well as some old favorites. One of the newcomers is Shirley Sholl, beautiful and blonde, who plays the role of Mary McKinley. Bob Cloutier plays John and Casey Hannon plays his friend, Fred Taylor, who is really responsible for all of John's difficulties. In the role of Senator McKinley, Mary's father, is the perennial favorite of The Uptown Players, Howard Cox. Others in the cast include Irenne Webster, Estelle Omens, John Sharp, Geoffrey Lardner, Otto Senz, and Roland Mattison. The entire production is under the direction of J. Bradley-Griffin.

The Uptown Players are always happy to co-operate with clubs and other organizations anxious to raise money for their treasury. They offer a "Club Plan," whereby an organization may purchase a block of 25 tickets or more for the Wednesday, Thursday, or Sunday performance at the reduced price of 75c (including tax) and sell the tickets at the printed price of $1.25, thus making 50c on each ticket. The Uptown Players are also available for out-of-town engagements.

For all information and tickets, drop a line to The Uptown Players, 1149 N. LaSalle Street, Chicago 10, Illinois, or phone MIchigan 2-3105.

PROFESSIONAL AND BUSINESS WOMEN

Present

"Nightingale of Whistlers"

For the second time the Professional and Business Woman's Club is presenting PAULINE ESDALE of Chicago, the Nightingale of Whistlers, on their program. Last year's audience was so enchanted with Mrs. Esdale that it is by popular request of all the members that she returns to the club again this year.

Without doubt those who had the privilege of hearing her at the Woman's Club program recently will be delighted to have a second opportunity for hearing her on Tuesday, March 8, in Anderson Hall, at 8 p.m.

Mrs. Esdale not only gives bird calls, but whistles to classical music; shows nature slides; leads the audience in community singing while she whistles; recites poetry, and weaves together an evening that is pervaded by a beautiful spirit that is akin to all nature and the universe.

The public is invited. Refreshments will be served. Donation, 60c.

The March 22nd meeting will be an open meeting also, with no guest fee, and the public will be welcome. The program chairman, Miss Mary Nordstrom, will present a technicolor movie entitled "Shortest Way Home," a romance with all of America for its backdrop.

WOMAN'S CLUB FOR MARCH

Education and International Relations are the special interests for March on the calendar of the Woman's Club, as well as a Ways and Means Party.

Monday, March 7, at 1 o'clock in Anderson Hall, Mrs. G. Spencer Brown, Chairman of Education, will present Peter Jacobi, whose subject will be, "As In Two Worlds."

Mrs. Flandorf, program chairman, will present Miss Barbara Knowlson, comedienne, guest artist, in a program of comedy songs and impersonations.

Hostesses for the day will be Mrs. W. L. Jones and Mrs. M. J. Baume.

Monday, March 21, at 1 o'clock, in Anderson Hall, the International Relations Department, Mrs. A. E. Roth, chairman, and Mrs. Walter Flandorf, co-chairman, will present Mrs. Alfred Jacobs, Illinois State Chairman of International Relations, whose subject will be, "Our Part in World Affairs." Guest artist will be Sylvia Lubi, soprano, who will present "Songs of All Countries." The hostesses will be Miss Mabel Byrnes and Mrs. C. L. Zink.

The Annual Ways and Means Luncheon and Party will be held on Wednesday, March 30, at 12:30 o'clock. Mrs. H. B. Hunter is chairman. Reservations may be phoned to Amb. 2-0561 or to the church office, Lon. 1-6878.

"MESSIAH" TO BE GIVEN

Tuesday evening, March 15, at 1:30 "THE MESSIAH" will be presented by The Peoples Church Choir, Walter Flandorf, organist and director.

Assisting will be members of the Zion Symphony Orchestra and the Waukegan Symphony and the Zion White Robed Choir.

In addition to The Peoples Church Quartet, consisting of Ethel Lundberg, soprano, Marcia Sandahl, alto, Alfred Wiser, tenor, and Arwin Schweig, bass, will be Theodore Neave, bass, Miriam Norman, soprano, and Irving Prescott, baritone. Guest organist will be John L. Lewis, of Elmhurst College.

Advancement

"Life is a constant learning,
Never the lessons end;
And the more we learn, the further
The bounds of our life extend.

Life is a constant journey;
Never we reach the goal;
But the higher we go the greater
Is the reach of the living soul.

Life is a constant growing
Up from the nourishing sod
Into the better living,
Nearer the fullness of God!"

CLAUDE WEIMER
(From "Unity Poems")

The Liberalist

FREEDOM—FELLOWSHIP—CHARACTER

PRESTON BRADLEY, LL.D., D.D. ..... Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY ..... Associate Editor
ETHEL WELLS SMALLEY ..... Assistant to the Editor
MAY H. HARRISON ..... Business Manager

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR — TWENTY CENTS A COPY

Published on the First Day of the Month

Address All Communications to

THE LIBERALIST—941 LAWRENCE AVE., CHICAGO 40, ILL.

We assume no responsibility for unsolicited manuscripts, articles or poems.

EDITORIAL

ALMOST every day of my life I cross the great Michigan Boulevard Bridge which spans the Chicago River. Many of my readers have probably crossed that bridge. It is built on two levels. On the upper level ride sleek limousines, and it carries the general street traffic of those who ride and walk. Down below, on the other level, the trucks come and go. When the great bridge is raised to permit a ship to pass, it is done so quietly and noiselessly that as you stand and watch it, as I often have, there seems to be no effort at all. Great pillars of steel go down into the earth and the mechanism which lifts the bridge is so constructed that the shifting of a few ounces, under the law of balance, lifts the mighty span. You don't see the machinery, you don't hear it operate, but the work is done; and when the bridge is lowered, the two parts quietly join, the traffic is resumed, and life goes on in the heart of a tumultous, throbbing city.

So it is with life. The most powerful forces are not heard. They are quiet and silent. No one ever heard a sunrise. No one ever heard the law of gravitation. No one ever heard the beauty and power of love. The upper level moves along in rhythmic beauty, but underneath, on the lower level, are the forces that keep, maintain and preserve those on the upper. So in every life, there are deep, undercurrents of our lives which the world may not see, may not understand, but they give beauty and strength and character to life itself. We need the quiet influences of life, the still, small voice. These influences are found in a simple prayer, a lovely poem, in beautiful music, in the face of a morning flower, in the beauty and the glory of the heart of a friend. It is these influences which are so necessary to help us face the challenge that we all must meet, day after day.

One of the great sentences of the Ancient Book to me is, "Be still and know that I am God." Noise is not necessarily growth or progress. Activity is not necessarily getting somewhere. Sometimes in the quiet hours of life are moments of greatest growth. To know this is to know one of life's most valu-

able truths. To practice it is to strengthen our souls. My friend, Max Ehrman, has said: "Go placidly amid the noise and the haste and remember what peace there may be in silence. As far as possible without surrender be on good terms with all persons. Speak your truth quietly and clearly and listen to others, even to the dull and the ignorant. They, too, have their story. Many persons strive for high ideals, and everywhere life is full of heroism. Be yourself. Especially do not feign affection. Nurture strength of spirit to shield you in misfortune. But do not distress yourself with dark imaginings. And whether or not it is clear to you, no doubt the universe is unfolding as it should. Therefore, be at peace with God, and whatever your labors and aspirations, in the noise and confusion of life, keep peace in your soul.

WALKING MIGHT HELP

AS I glanced through a very attractive book which came to my study desk recently (it was only published last November) I couldn't help but wonder how many of the problems of people might be lightened if we spent more time in the out-of-doors. Now you may be thinking—"Well, what a time for Dr. Bradley to be talking about spending time in the out-of-doors—when we are in the midst of winter weather. But just because the sun doesn't shine every day, or the walking isn't as dry as in summer, or there may be a stiff breeze blowing, it doesn't mean that normally healthy people should shut themselves up in the house for the winter.

The book I have been reading is called "The Pleasures of Walking." It is edited by Edwin Valentine Mitchell and is an anthology of what a dozen prominent men have had to say about walking. You know walking is becoming quite a lost art to many people, and because nature has healing powers, I do believe that city folks especially might find that just a good long walk out in the sunshine (and even in a fog perhaps) might make any worried mind a little calmer and more peaceful.

Not long ago a woman listener to a radio program of mine sent for a poem I had read about going to sleep at night and forgetting our cares. And she said her husband for years had brooded and worried about the future, about financial security and old age security, until she felt he missed so much in everyday joys; things that are within our reach if only we will look about us. She said he never seemed to go to bed with peace of mind. He envied her, because she never seemed to worry and she felt that in a way that was true. "But," she said, "Dr. Bradley, don't you think that in some way, somehow my husband could get to feel that there is much in life that is good and beautiful and just fun—things that make for happiness and do not cost one cent!"

Well, I don't know when anyone ever asked me anything that should be of more general interest, for none of us seems to get all the fun out of life he should. There's a cure for this state of mind where one is a constant worrier, but it's a little bit like the cure for stiff muscles—it takes exercise and work to limber them up. Of course some people have a worry complex, and it just becomes a habit—they give in to it, and then it becomes easier to worry every day, because we practice worry-

ing so much. I suppose if all the people in the world could be financially secure and could know that their old age was protected, everyone would just sit down and the wheels of industry would stop.

The tragedy of the worry habit is, that it doesn't help the problem one bit, and it tires the worrier out. Well, now, honestly, isn't it a little bit useless to clutter up the early part and even the middle part of life with worry over the later years? It is well to plan ahead, of course, but if you are doing the best you can right now, in the place where you find yourself, it helps so much to look around you and find enjoyment in the little things of life—and especially the friendships—and who wants a constant worrier for a friend? And after all, it's the friends along the way and the quality of life we live from day to day that really counts.

Returning to this idea of walking in the open air each day, you know the greatest thoughts that man has ever written have been born under open skies. The greatest truths that man has ever presented had as their accompaniment the heave and sigh of ocean beaches. The most penetrating and beautiful realities which man has ever conceived or projected came from the inspirations of the voices of silent stars; the depth of understanding: Faith. And that faith has been the inspiration for all the creative, eternal achievements that have come to the mind and soul of man.

Did you ever stop to think, when you see people working in their gardens, that they never would be working there if they believed the earth would not produce? Or if they thought the seeds they were planting would rot and become corrupt at heart and never become a plant or a vegetable. When you go out into the fields of nature and out into this rich, good earth of ours, you cannot touch it without faith. Does anybody doubt that grain that is planted in the fields of America will ripen for the harvest? Of course not. The very basis is the fact of the faith in the seed, faith in the earth, faith in the rain, faith in the warmth; faith in the law of growth.

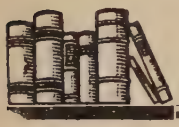
Only man seems persistently to break the law. That little seed planted in the heart of the earth, in the womb of nature, in the darkness, never loses its faith. It says: "I will be a blade; I will live; I will grow; I will obey the law of God." The kernel of corn planted in the field sings back to God, "I will honor you by creating a thousand kernels from my heart," and never doubts it. Only man doubts and worries and sometimes says, "It cannot be done"; that we cannot create a warless world. And people say "Governments will always be corrupt; it cannot be done." Poor weak man is the doubter. The whole world of nature says, "It can be done." God says, "It can be done." The prophetic voices of all the ages have said, "It can be done." What can be done? Why, the Kingdom of God can be created, cooperatively with nature and with God, upon this earth and around the world. It can be done!

And individually, with man, it is ideas that are planted and grow and increase and take care of him in his later years. So why embitter the present with fear and doubt and worry about the future? In a very true sense we are living in an age of miracles, yet all that the modern scientist is doing is revealing that which is already created, and there are more miracles to come than we have ever known. As a little boy in Linden, Michigan, I used to lie in bed at night and listen to the whistle of the midnight express, and I wondered what was out there beyond the horizon—the world I did not know, and I said, "Some day I'll see that world out there." But the man speaking, and the little boy

who listened for the midnight whistle are that universe, and so are you. Personality!

What are we doing with that life on this plane? What are you doing with yours and what am I doing with mine? Are we contributing in the practical, everyday experience of reflecting that universe of which we are a part? We belong to the radar influence; but we live in a world where we can take the hand of a friend, where we can share another's burden, where we can bring a little light to enlighten the darkness; where we can make some tired body rest a little easier. In the universe we know is the universe of the miracle, so enlarge the area of your life right now. Let not the overpowering impulses of other miracles deaden you to the miracle found in the heart of a friend.

P.B.



BOOK CHATS

IN selecting books to talk about in these Book Chats I try to choose those which will have the most general appeal. I try to keep the selection as varied as possible. This is not always easy. There are so many books which become best sellers and books which people talk about but which do not have any lasting value. They are books for the moment and are soon forgotten; but now I have chosen a book which I am sure will become a classic and remain in any library of great literature.

The author is the distinguished, world famous Thomas Mann, and the book is his latest book, "Doctor Faustus." Thomas Mann is recognized throughout the whole world as being a distinguished and a creative mind. Some of his books have been more widely known than others, but he has never written a book which did not reflect his greatness as an author and his literary excellence. I think there are some people who have stayed away from reading Thomas Mann because they thought he was difficult. If you have not read him because of this feeling, you are missing something.

I am going to give you a little background of Thomas Mann before I say anything about the book, "Doctor Faustus." He was born in 1875, in the ancient city of Lubeck. His people were rather successful, influential merchants, highly respected and esteemed in that city. His father was at one time a Senator, and was honored by the free city of Lubeck in being twice elected as its Mayor. His mother was of Germanic-creole parentage. It might be said that his boyhood was almost ideal. It was spent in a comfortable family home, where there was a great deal of culture, appreciation of music, and the arts, at a time when Germany was far different than it is today, and the German youth had not been touched or contaminated by the tragedy of Nazism. He never reacted favorably to the drastic discipline of the North German school masters. He revolted against it. I suppose this early attitude is an indication of his creative genuis, but in that early life the seeds were placed which developed into a lifelong hatred of the whole Prussian system of education. He despised it from the beginning.

His basic hatred of all tyranny and dictatorship continued throughout his entire life, and in the later years, when Hitler came into power, Thomas Mann, who is not a Jew, hated Nazism as much as any German Jew in Germany. At 19 he went to the lovely old city of Munich, where he worked in an insurance office. But all the time the love of writing was crystallizing. As long ago as 1894 he published his first short story—I suppose we might call it a novelette—called "Gefellan." The encouragement from the publication of this first small book inspired him to give up commercial life, and he went into the University of Munich, where he studied extensively art and literature. He was able to go to Rome, and spend a year, and this experience contributed effectively to his later career in literature, and from that time on he has devoted himself exclusively to writing. He was awarded the highest recognition in the entire world in the field of literature, the Nobel prize, in 1929. He was only 25 when his first major work, a novel called "Buddenbrooks" was published. This was the first work of Thomas Mann I ever read, but I have never missed, so far as possible, a line which he has written since.

His second great work, which I am sure you have heard of and I hope you have read, "The Magic Mountain," was published in 1924, and you have all heard of "Joseph and His Brothers," a book which in 1926 grew out of the request of the Munich artist for an introduction to a portfolio of drawings about Joseph. The drawings aroused an interest in the life of Joseph by Thomas Mann, and resulted in his great work, "Joseph and His Brothers," a work of three volumes, the first volume of which was published in Germany in 1933. That was the year in which Thomas Mann left Germany forever to settle for a time in Switzerland. After visiting the United States several times, he finally became a lecturer at Princeton University, and in 1941 he built a permanent home in Pacific Palisades, California. People who have never read a line of Thomas Mann and who know very little about his literary activity, remember how he stood up to Hitler and the whole system of tyranny and dictatorship. When he was invited to return to Germany after the collapse of the Hitler government, the letter which he wrote refusing to return was a classical utterance, and it will live as long as anything Thomas Mann has ever written.

In this book which I am calling to your attention "Doctor Faustus," we have an important version of the Faust legend; the entire life story of a great creative musician, Adrian Leverkuhn, and it is told by his lifelong friend, Serenus Zeitblom. Of course both are fictitious characters. Leverkuhn is a theological student, who turns composer, and enters into a pact with the devil, who is represented in part by an exhilarating but wasting disease. He sells his soul and body in return for 24 years of musical genius and Thomas Mann, writing as Serenus Zeitblom, who tells the story, touches on almost every important aspect of present-day experience, artistic, religious, political and psychological. Zeitblom, the character through whom Thomas Mann tells the story, is a scrupulous, learned, scholarly, shocked man, who tells much against his will, but nevertheless tells it.

Surrounding these two characters, the novel has a rich variety of human beings, and there are stores of wisdom, lore, psychological insight, technological discussions, and analysis. No other writer except Thomas Mann could do with the ancient story of Faust what he has done in this book. The career of Adrian Leverkuhn is the story of a fictional character, impregnated with

reality. He touches life on all of its many sides. It is interesting as a story, and nowhere in any novel which I know of, is the twentieth century man so vividly and dramatically constructed and created. Dr. Mann, in this book, like all great writers, writes authentically, because he has shared and participated in most of the experiences of the character about whom the book is written. The translator, for the book was written in German, has performed a difficult task admirably. And knowing this book will add to one's understanding and appreciation of the life of a man who, though the locale of his story is in Europe, yet had the whole world for the setting.

* * *

I implore you to read this next book. It is one of the most widely read books in the United States. The book is entitled "No Place to Hide," and the author is Dr. David Bradley. As far as I know, there is no relationship whatever between the author and myself. The book contains a straight, down-to-earth description of what an atomic bomb can do to ships, islands, seaports, harbors, and human beings. The author was a radiological monitor with the task force that made the Bikini tests. He has given here a day by day account of the operation seen not through the eyes of a technical expert but by a doctor particularly interested in finding out the bomb's immediate and after effects on people, intensely aware that the results of these tests were of the utmost importance to him personally as well as to each one of us. How much does the man on the street know about the atom bomb? We hear it discussed all the time. It is on the lips of everyone and yet few people, except the scientists and the experts, know anything about it; and for the first time there is now available a book in such simple, straightforward and non-technical language that those of us who have no scientific training or aptitude for science can easily understand it.

The Bikini tests in which the author participated were, as you will recall, for the purpose of finding out just what the atomic bomb would do. There has been much hearsay and not a little speculation about the bomb. Our government wanted to know. Dr. Bradley was assigned to duty with "Operation Crossroads" as the test was known. He reported for duty with the army in July 1945, six weeks before Hiroshima, and the following January he joined a school of medical officers to train for the special job of radiological monitors. He learned how to operate a Geiger and other instruments important in radiological research. He saw at first hand various installations of the Manhattan District. As a doctor he concentrated on the dangers of unseen radiation to living tissue and especially to human beings, something that no one knew very much about. The first of the Bikini tests took place on July 1, 1946, the date set by President Truman. At least eight months of planning and preparation preceded that event. In that time Joint Task Force One grew from an original few thousand people to something over 40,000, and all plans underwent complete change several times. What started as a simple laboratory experiment to determine the effectiveness of the bomb used above and under water became the most complex and intricate project imaginable.

The Navy wanted to test its ships. Ultimately the target fleet came to include a sample of almost everything that floats: American ships, German ships, Japanese ships, flattops, submarines, battleships, cruisers, destroyers, landing craft, ships made of riveted plates, ships made of welded plates,

floating dry docks made of reinforced cement, even seaplanes, were included. The Army and Navy Air Forces were to be there; the Army, in charge of dropping the first bomb, began weeks of practice to select its best bomb crew. Scientists of every calling were to be there: marine biologists, oceanographers to study the geology of coral reefs as it might be revealed in the transmission of shock waves following the blast; photographers to take serial pictures of the plume and the waves; physicists and chemists making their mysterious pursuits. Political observers were to be there and America opened the doors to observers from most of the major nations of the world. Newspaper men and photographers found berths available for them.

Dr. Bradley kept a careful day by day account. It is this, beginning on the 29th of May, 1946, and extending through October 9 and 10, which has resulted in a book of such dramatic and valuable interest that for the first time we know what is ahead if the time ever should come when the atom bomb should be used in the military operations of war. To read this record reinforces one's conviction that man must use his knowledge of atomic energy for constructive and creative purposes and never for death and mutilation. Dr. Bradley was certain that the published reports which were available to the average man gave an incomplete and distorted view which might result in lulling him into a false sense of security. The author has interpreted the real truth for everyone to read and that truth constitutes a warning that no man can afford to ignore. It demonstrates undeniably that atomic war has no remedy, and that our only hope is to control the power that, once loosed, will destroy us all. For the publicized fact that all the ships were not sunk at Bikini was far from the end of the story. When the "Geiger men" went in to check radio-activity after the underwater test, every tarred seam, every painted deck and stanchion and hull was broadcasting its warning. Deadly radiation had fatally poisoned every ship. The water of the lagoon, the floating oil slick, the sand of the bottom, the coral and rocks—everything buzzed and crackled under the test, and as the shorter-lived radiation faded, the horrible menace of free plutonium remained—the most insidious poison known, and one extremely difficult to detect.

This persistent power of the bomb after it has exploded is its greatest menace. A single bomb launched from a plane or submarine could spread fatal contamination over any great seaport, annihilating inhabitants, destroying the food supply of other regions, rendering useless all objects exposed to it. Dr. Bradley's book reveals and explains this power of the atom for the man in the street. That man, who is each of us, cannot fail to understand its meaning. Just as John Hersey's "Hiroshima" made the fate of that city clear to millions of readers, so this book, "No Place to Hide," interprets these controlled explosions in terms of the whole world.

This book is not a military document. Neither is it a scientific report. Much of the information the author acquired must remain veiled in official secrecy. This book is simply the day to day record of a doctor who found himself in the ring with the bomb and who escaped some of its deadly punches. The author has emerged with the firm conviction that if life as we know it is to continue, men must understand and deal with the menacing aspects of atomic energy. Like others trained in the objective and impersonal ways of scientific thought, he had subscribed to the old maxim, "Ye shall know the

truth, and the truth shall make you free." But now our new-found knowledge of nuclear energy threatens to enslave or destroy us even before we can understand it fully or learn to use it well. If a Log like this helps to give some inkling of what atomic energy means to the average man, then perhaps the scientific and military facts uncovered at Bikini will have been worth their great cost.

One of the most valuable parts of this book for the layman is the appendix which is "A Layman's Guide to the Dangers of Radio-activity." I who am not a scientist and know little about the principle of radio-activity formed the only clear impression I have yet had of this whole atomic energy problem from this appendix. Dr. David Bradley has performed a great service to all of us in making available his day by day account of his own experiences. It reads more interestingly than a novel. If you start it, you will never stop until you have finished; and the sum total of its influence cannot help but inspire us all with the conviction that we must find a way to use atomic energy for the preservation of the race rather than its destruction.

* * *

I have no way of knowing how my readers feel about anthologies, but personally, a good anthology is always very attractive to me. Simon and Schuster published a very unusual anthology last November, called "The Book of Great Conversations." Do you remember what our own Longfellow said about conversation? Well, he said that "A single conversation across the table with a wise man is better than ten years' study of books." And Webster says of Discussion: that it is "the anvil on which the spark of truth is struck forth."

The editor of this anthology of conversations of the great, is Louis Biancolli. He is of Italian extraction, is a New Yorker born and bred, and lives outside the city with his wife, daughter, and a huge library. Heretofore, Louis Biancolli has been known to the public primarily as a music critic. For twenty years he has been on the musical staff of the New York World-Telegram, and for the past seven years has been co-annotator of the New York Philharmonic-Symphony programs. He has presented several series of radio programs, is co-author of The Concert Companion, published in 1947 by Whittlesey House, and, with Robert Bagar, has completely revised The Victor Book of the Opera, to be published shortly by Simon and Schuster. He has contributed articles to magazines and he is an inveterate student of language and literature, receiving his training at New York University and Columbia University. He is master of seven languages, ancient and modern, and one of the most widely read men in the country, all of which will account, I think, for this book of the evening, "The Book of Great Conversations."

The editor himself says of this anthology, "This is a book of recorded talk. Perhaps in these days of dictaphones and sound tracks, 'recorded talk' may sound misleading. For the recorders here are only diarists and letter-writers, biographers and autobiographers, not machines. What they record is the talk of statesmen, musicians, artists and writers of many centuries. . . . Mostly they are friends, secretaries and associates of people whose words were memorable enough to invite perpetuation in a midnight diary entry or some chatty, gossipy note to a distant correspondent. Much of this recorded conversation was caught in mid-flight. . . . Often these friends handed down the only vivid glimpse of a great personality in action,

of a giant thinker in a train of thought . . . a few flashes of revealing dialogue. . . . The only effects here are of life itself . . . the candid close-up of the subject, snapped during the greatest sport of all—Talk. . . . None of these men and women was duty-bound to record the overheard dialogue. Only the inner compulsion to preserve something worth saving prodded them on."

The editor's own story of how he came to conceive the idea of this anthology is fascinating in itself, but too long to give you in this short chat. This book covers conversations from Socrates down to Clemenceau, Thomas Masaryk, H. G. Wells and Stalin. In the latter, H. G. Wells makes this remark to Stalin: "I am more to the left than you, Mr. Stalin." The conversation concerns Liberalism versus Marxism. Some of the conversations are quite lengthy, and preceding them, the editor has given a preliminary page or so, giving the setting for the conversation. There are two conversations with Thomas Masaryk, one of which is entitled "How an Amiable Academic Recluse Became a Revolutionary and Founded a Country." Preceding the conversation, the editor gives us a bit of the history of Czechoslovakia and he says of Masaryk: "In all his laborious projects for the seizure of power one seems to discern the hand of the professional revolutionary. Nothing, of course, could be further from the truth. For this patriot, who showed so sure a hand at the game of conspiracy had been the most peaceable of political reformers till 1914 transformed him into a rebel and an activist. This first conversation of Masaryk is with Ludwig, and is extracted and translated from Emil Ludwig's book in German on Masaryk, which was brought out in America in 1936. And in the conversation, Masaryk declares: "It was no use; I had to bring about the necessary reform by revolutionary means." Then the editor tells us we are taken into another world by listening to a conversation with Masaryk, the philosopher, after having been eavesdropping on Masaryk, the Revolutionary. This second conversation covers some ten pages and is one in which Karel Capek "sounds out the Father of his country on his religious and philosophical beliefs."

The entire book is what one might call "an intimate adventure in eavesdropping among the great of many centuries." Starting with Socrates and Michaelangelo, you later watch Lincoln outsmarting his Secretary of War in saving the life of a deserter; and you take dinner with Oscar Wilde as he makes his last, witty and heartbreaking farewell to a group of supposed friends. You may listen to Bernard Shaw returning the devastating fire of wit directed at him by the brilliant G. K. Chesterton. The editor has winnowed the best of the world's most memorable conversations—the sort of conversation that takes place when some great man is confronted at once by one of life's most persistent and perennial problems and an adroit adversary. He sees the problem. He tries to improvise the best possible answers to the questions. He may squirm, he may side-step, he may emerge triumphant. In any case the drama is always there—the drama of conflict in ideas and in personalities.

The book is a sort of season ticket to the theatre of embattled wits. The dialogues are edited from authentic historical sources, in dramatic form, as in a play, and preceded by a short biographical essay, placing the conversation in history and raising the curtain for the drama that follows. Stage directions are given to indicate the actions, the gestures and tones of voice that accompany the words. And

where it is pertinent, there are brief accounts of the results of the conversations. "Come back and see us in ten years," Lenin had said to H. G. Wells at the end of their conversation in the Kremlin in 1920. And fourteen years later Wells was back in the Kremlin, and his host was no longer the ailing and overworked founder of the Soviet State, but the man who had succeeded him to power, Joseph Stalin. I think my readers will thank me for calling to their attention "The Book of Great Conversations," by Louis Biancolli, published by Simon and Schuster.

* * *

For the last book on this chat, I am bringing you a book on a subject which, though we hear a great deal about it, is not a thoroughly understood subject by the vast majority of people, yet a week never goes by but what some discouraged or frantic parent will write me and ask if I know the name of a good psychiatrist. Sometimes the one who writes wishes to see the psychiatrist on his or her own account, and other times it is on account of a son or daughter who they feel needs such guidance or help. And before even telling you the name of the book or the names of the authors, because in this case two authors collaborated on the book—I am going to tell you something about the training necessary before a person can become a registered psychiatrist.

First of all, psychiatry is a branch of medicine; it concerns itself with the study, the treatment and the prevention of all types of psychological difficulties. The psychiatrist is an M.D., who in the course of his medical education and hospital internship has done what every other doctor has to do. He has learned about bacteria and physiology, has set broken bones and has done minor surgery, and all the rest of it that is required of the regular M.D. And after all that, he has had to spend five more years in specialized training and experience in the field of psychiatry. Then, if he wants to qualify and be listed as a "specialist," he has to take and pass special examinations of the American Board of Neurology and Psychiatry. I think it is important that you should know this, for an amazing number of people do not know what psychiatry is and how a psychiatrist is trained.

The book I am bringing to your attention is called "You and Psychiatry," by Dr. William C. Menninger and Munro Leaf. Dr. Menninger holds a pre-eminent position in the field of psychiatry and I think without doubt this is the finest book I have read on the subject. He is General Secretary of the Menninger Foundation in Topeka, Kansas; President-elect of the American Psychiatric association, and either chairman or president of several other psychiatric associations. During the war he had charge of the Army's Neuropsychiatric Service and he holds the reserve rank of Brigadier General in the U. S. Medical Corps. He is now serving as psychiatric consultant to the Surgeon General, U. S. Army, and on advisory councils to the Secretary of War and the U. S. Public Health Service. I tell you all this that you may appreciate the type of book which I am reviewing.

Collaborating with him was Munro Leaf, author, editor, cartoonist, and publicist, perhaps best known for his famous story, "Ferdinand the Bull." He has written other books for children which have been extremely popular, and his cartoon series, "Watchbirds," has had wide readership in the Ladies Home Journal. Mr. Leaf served in the Army from 1942 to the end of the war. It was in the preparation of leaflets on health for servicemen that Munro Leaf first met Dr. Menninger.

And their work together eventually led to this book, "You and Psychiatry."

The book in a way is a war baby. The terrific loss of man-power in the Army and the Navy from psychiatric casualties started them to thinking that there must be some additional approach to helping the people of the nation understand the basic factors of mental health. They felt it was worth while to try to put into simple words and abbreviated form (the book has only about 170 pages) some of the information which applies to all of us in our daily lives, lives that are complicated at any time, and more so in this period that today we call "Peace." Most of us are familiar with the more common rules of *physical hygiene*; the necessity of keeping clean, brushing our teeth, getting the right food, fresh air, exercise and rest. We learned that in terms we could understand. But many persons have no clear idea of mental hygiene or of their own personalities. As competent evidence of that, there are broken homes, juvenile delinquencies, crime waves, group hatreds, riots, political wranglings, suspicion and fear on all sides, which are not likely to make any of us who are at all thoughtful very smug about the state of our individual or collective *mental* health. And what goes for the United States you can double or triple for too much of the rest of the world. And so the authors wrote this book, "You and Psychiatry," published by Scribner's, in the hope that it would make clear to many the *fundamentals* of the vital part of living that are not taken care of by food, tooth paste, soap and water, or any amount of money. They hoped it might give people a little better understanding of how they ticked.

It will, without doubt, help you to know yourself and other people a little better. Each reader will probably see himself in the pages of the book, for the general principles outlined are applicable to us all. Of course there is no one pattern of development or action that is "ideal" for everyone. All of us have eccentricities and neurotic symptoms. Perhaps explanations of the variations and the causes of the handicaps can enable us to live more satisfactorily. As we gain more understanding of ourselves and of our psychological status, we can see how we can improve. Sufficient understanding of ourselves should make us more tolerant of the behavior of others. It is so easy to misjudge or call names and it is so hard to get the mote out of our own eyes. A legless combat veteran said: "I don't see how I can ever know a buddy well enough to call him a coward."

There is a chapter in this book called "If You Go to the Psychiatrist." If you contemplate seeing a psychiatrist, you could do nothing more helpful than to read that chapter first. From a short Finale to the book, I quote the following: "We must either learn how to get along with people or else just accept the inevitability of another world plan for killing and being killed. Democracy is founded on a belief in the power and dignity of the invididual. If our way of life is to survive, it will be because we as individuals have made a study of ourselves. That means that after a good look at ourselves we will do something to get the kinks out of relationships that have become fouled up by our hatreds, jealousies, envies, selfishness, isolationism and immaturity. The preamble of the charter of the cultural organization of the United Nations has in it this statement: "Wars begin in the minds of men." This means your mind and my mind. . . . The only way to peace is by becoming more mature and raising a generation that is even more mature than we are. If we do not succeed, we are lost." P.B.

The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By GRACE THAYER BRADLEY

THIRTY-TWO days to Spring! Yes, at the moment of writing, it is just thirty-two days to Spring by right of calendar. What then? In all probability, Winter! We haven't had any yet beyond a day now and then, and the real thing is bound to pop up sooner or later. March will come blustering in and the "Mad March Hares" will do all their pranks, for March is a tricky month—but deep in our hearts we will cuddle the cheery secret that come what may, the twenty-first will bring officially the first day of Spring!

My husband is in Evansville, Indiana, going there by train last night. And this morning he called me by 'phone to ask if all was well at home, etc. He said it is very springlike there, so far south, and from his hotel window he could see the Ohio River with boats on it—and how he wished he were on one of them! That man is never happier than when he is on a boat!

These are the evenings when, before I go to bed, I pick up a seed catalog and for a little while do some armchair gardening, getting all enthused over rare colored petunias, zinnias of "marvelous size," roses such as one has "never before dreamed of,"—and so on from cover to cover—and I swallow it all without a question, like every other garden devotee.

Looking through one of my files this morning I came upon a copy of Douglas Malloch's three-verse poem, "Wake Up Singing." It is lovely, a favorite of mine, and the last verse is such a nice thought to go to sleep on, I am going to give it to you, in case some of you, my friends, may be troubled, or worried, or not well, lonely, or in sorrow, apprehensive or restless. Memorize this verse of Douglas Malloch's:

"So when tonight you say your prayer,
And then lie down—lay down your care,
For soon the sunshine will be there,
Another morning bringing.
Forget the loss, forgive the ill,
For God is in His heaven still;
Then you will sleep, I know you will,
And wake yourself up singing."

I've been "housed" for so long I need things like that to help keep up my morale, and perhaps you do, too, ill or well. I received so many Valentines, such beautiful cards, all gay and cheery with flowers, and many with personal messages added inside, from friends in church and the Woman's Club, and I was so delighted and grateful for their kindness; and the Woman's Club and the Business and Professional Woman's Club each sent me such beautiful flowering plants, bedecked with hearts and ribbons — a "cherry-blossom" Azalea, and a giant rosy Cyclamen—a gorgeous sight to gladden the eye! You see verily Spring is already abloom in my room! The Valentines covering my dresser and table are like a garden in themselves!

So—Hi for the "Ides of March," whatever they may be (I'm sure I don't

know and don't believe Shakespeare did either, but he said to "beware" of them!) Le us buck up our courage with knowing Easter is about to dawn —come April!

* * *

We have a most interesting letter I have taken from the Mail Bag, from a relative of Benjamin Franklin, a very modest little woman, rightfully proud of her "kin"—but who "knows her letter will not be used because not written intelligently enough"—bless her good heart! Would that one millionth of our Americans were one hundredth part as intelligent as she. Her letter:

"Dr. Preston Bradley. Dear Friend: I have listened to you for some time when I could, but when we were on fast time it happened to be my milking time and I am not quite as fortunate as that man who listens in his cow-barn, as I do well to support a little dry-cell radio in my house.

"I declare every year when I hear you talk about Benjamin Franklin I will write at once, I get so enthused, as he is an ancestor of mine, I don't know what or how many times removed.

"I am 62 years old, maiden name Mattie Parks, father's name Charles W. Parks; grandfather's name John Oliver Parks, born about 1830, in Tennessee, to (I think the names were) Andrew and Sara Franklin Parks, of the Benjamin Franklin family, and that is as far back as I know.

"I have noticed that you often mention Benjamin Franklin being one of a family of 15 children. My only son, Arson, has taught school since he was 18. He said some years ago Benjamin Franklin was the 15th of 17 children.

"We were talking about your talk again yesterday and he said he thought he had read it that way, but you must be correct, since you surely have all kinds of good encyclopedias. My son has a good one at his rural school. He said he never thought to see what it says on Franklin. I have an encyclopedia, the American Educator, which my son bought when he began teaching, which we find very incomplete. It doesn't say anything about the number in the family of Benjamin Franklin.

"I never thought much about Franklin until late years. I could have found out more if I had thought while my folks were living. I have heard them say my grandfather, John O. Parks, was of Irish, Scotch and Welsh combination. I was with a sister of his quite a little. I can see so many places where they were like Franklin—frugality, brief, and no veneer. And I think their features were like, which might be coincidence.

"Well, I will stop tiring you with this, but I am a great admirer of him, as I think every American should be, as he surely did plenty in helping form our Constitution. I often wonder what he would think if he could drop back for a day.

"Well, I have often intended to write and tell you that you are doing an awful lot of good with your grand, inspiring talks. I pray the good works may go on. Of course you won't put any part of this over the air, as I can't write intelligently enough for that. You can see I am a relative of Benjamin Franklin, for I have used both sides of the paper!

"I will close with love and respect, Mrs. Mattie Brewbaker, Altamont, Ill., R. R. I."

* * *

We will have only two letters this time, as the two I have selected are rather long and there will not be space for more. You will appreciate both, I am sure, as we do. The following letter speaks for itself: May the "crash" Bob tells about be his first and last, and may his further work with aircraft

bring him no suffering! His father writes:

"Dear Mr. Bradley: You have been, over a period of several years, very helpful to many of my friends and especially to my son who told me a story that grew out of his army experience, and I feel it may be of some interest to you, and you can be sure it was a surprise when he related it to me.

"Last Sunday you mentioned in your sermon an accident on an air field, and it so happens that Bob was there and could recall the events as you related them. He and I were spending a week-end here together in Chicago. He has finished his education at Illinois and leaves today from Champaign to take a position with Douglas Aircraft in California.

"He was a navigator on a B-29 and heard your message to the boys out there and left a few days later for combat duty based at Tininan. There he flew on regular bombing missions until he cracked up. They had a crack-up on a take-off that killed seven crew members. He and one other member lived. He had all of his ribs, collar bone and arms broken, and a skull fracture, which resulted in an operation a few months later, when a portion of his skull was removed and replaced by a silver plate. Today his general health is good and he made good grades in school. He is fine. Only visible marks are a few scars on his back and chest.

"Here is the story:—After the crash, he lay in a tent hospital for about 10 days under heavy opiates. After he survived that long, the doctors must reduce on the opiates, and he became more conscious. Because of the pain he suffered with each breath, and because they had made no effort to set his bones he suspected that his chances to live were zero, and that, as they were not going to waste any more 'dope' on him, that within a few hours he would 'konk' out. So he began to plan his last few hours. First, he wanted someone to write Dad, Helen his wife, and Butch, his son. Then he wanted a chaplain for the last few hours. He pleaded with the orderly to write the letter (which I have) and then to get a chaplain. So at 2:30 a.m. into his tent walked a protestant and a catholic chaplain. They prayed with him, read from the Bible, and talked to him for over an hour. Last Sunday here in our home he told me this story, and believe me, it is one that pulls on your heart strings.

"Here is his ending. 'When they got up from their knees and bid me goodbye, Dad, I *knew* I was *going* to make it.'

"Someone may give you a need for this story some day, or someone may try to discredit an army chaplain, and you can fire this as ammunition.

"Bob and I both want to send $2 enclosed for that special offering referred to last Sunday. Very truly yours, C. Lindstrom."

* * *

March is a good month to write letters, don't you think? Suppose you try it and write us!

Lent, beginning March 2nd, leads us to Easter, a season for being faithful in your attendance at church, and in doing many things left undone.

Until April, we close the Mail Bag.
KEEP-ON-THE-BEAM!

Beauty

By Mary White Slater

God must hold blundering mortals dear
To hang such beauty on the year—
To make the earth a garden—close
For sunrise, sunset, lilac, rose—
To coin a moon and spin it white
Across a spangled deep of night—
To heap the hills that make us climb
Above the frets of space and time.

The tide of beauty never fails us,
Whatever fate confounds, assails us;
God speaks in beauty, urges, prays
To us—to match it in our ways;
Besets our nostrils, ears and eyes
With challenges to paradise.

—*Vistas*

DR. BRADLEY'S ENGAGEMENTS

JANUARY, 1949

2—Two Services. Peoples Church
3—Radio Address. WGN
Radio Address. WIND
4—Radio Address. WGN
Radio Address. WIND
Address. Junior Assn. of Commerce, Marshall Field's
5—Radio Address. WGN
Radio Address. WIND
Book Lecture. Peoples Church
6—Radio Address. WGN
Address. WIND
Book Lecture. Chicago Public Library
7—Radio Address. WGN
Radio Address. WIND
Address. Channing Club, Bradley Hall. Peoples Church
9—Two Services. Peoples Church
10—Radio Address. WGN
Radio Address. WIND
11—Radio Address. WGN
Radio Address. WIND
Conference on World Republic
12—Radio Address. WGN
Radio Address. WIND
Book Lecture. Peoples Church
13—Radio Address. WGN
Radio Address. WIND
Book Lecture. Chicago Public Library
14—Radio Address. WGN
Radio Address. WIND
27th Annual Dinner, Original 54 of Izaak Walton League of America
16—Two Services. Peoples Church
17—Radio Address. WGN
Radio Address. WIND
Address. Advertising Men's Post American Legion
18—Radio Address. WGN
Radio Address. WIND
Address. Roosevelt College
Reception to Homer Jack
19—Radio Address. WGN
Radio Address. WIND
Book Lecture. Peoples Church
20—Radio Address. WGN
Radio Address. WIND
Cut record. WIND
Cut record. WGN

21—Radio Address. (E.T.)
Radio Address. (E.T.)
Address. Chamber of Commerce Dinner, Parkside Hotel, Traverse City, Mich.
23—Two Services. Peoples Church
Address. Swedish Club
24—Radio Address. WGN
Radio Address. WIND
Address. Congregation Beth Sholum, E. Chicago, Ind.
25—Radio Address. WGN
Radio Address. WIND
Cut record for Chicago Heart Association
Radio Address. WCFL for Chicago Teachers' Union
Address. Reception for Dr. Stamm of 1st Congregational Church
26—Radio Address. WGN
Book Lecture. Peoples Church
27—Radio Address. WGN
Book Lecture. Chicago Pub. Library
Address. 25th Anniversary Lions Club, Beloit, Wisconsin
28—Radio Address. WGN
Address. I.W.L.A. Glen Ellyn High School
30—Two Services. Peoples Church
31—Radio Address. WGN
Dale Carnegie interview
Annual Address. Wabash Av. Y.M.C.A.

WEDDINGS

8—Mary Afflick and George R. Courtney ("Curley") Bradley
15—Julia Long and Robert D. Reynolds
17—Ida Halstead and Franklin A. Koehler
23—Rose Seifert and Russel Bacon
29—Frances W. Jenks and Charles H. Bill
Lorene Bernice Hoffman and Walter L. Conners
Beverly Jane Thon and Raymond W. Thon
Betty S. Malcolm and Eugene D. Mahoney
30—Joan Meyers and Stanley S. Korbal

CHRISTENINGS

2—Clayton Lamont Dahl, son of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Dahl
Jack Chester Campbell (adult) son of Mr. and Mrs. Angus Campbell
9—Beverly Gean Gillespie, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Gillespie
16—Linda Sue Middleton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Middleton

FUNERALS

3—Marie Schubert
5—Mrs. Bertha E. Gonzenbach
Mrs. Lillian May Starr
Peter Vaselogeorge
Earl Deering
6—Mrs. Florence Chalmers
10—Oscar Steffens
Georgiana Orr
11—Mrs. Ora Hadfield
Charles Riegel
14—Howard C. Graf
15—A. M. Fogg
19—Mrs. Julia Nixon
26—Clarabell Maddox
29—Harry Jones
Gustave Ellefsen

DIRECTORY

THE PEOPLES CHURCH, Lawrence Ave., at Sheridan Rd.

Time of Service 11:00 A.M.

Affiliated with: American Unitarian Association, Boston; Western Unitarian Conference, Chicago

PASTOR

Preston Bradley, LL.D., D.D.

EXECUTIVE OFFICERS

H. B Hunter, President
2304 Farwell Ave. (45) Amb. 2-0561
Mrs. J. J. Reynolds, Vice President
5550 Kenmore Ave. (40) Longbeach 1-9160
Thos. A. Harrison, Sec'y-Treasurer
941 Lawrence Ave. (40) Longbeach 1-6878
May H. Harrison, Secretary
941 Lawrence Ave. (40) Longbeach 1-6878

BOARD OF TRUSTEES

Gordon L. Davidson — L. E. McCloy
Thos. A. Harrison — John N. Powell
H. B. Hunter — Mrs. J. J. Reynolds
Mrs. A. S. Kredler — William M. Stickney
John F. Langhoff

COMMITTEE—Finance Committee

Mr. Thomas A. Harrison, Chairman
Mr. L. E. McCloy
Mr. John N. Powell

Auditing Committee

Mr. John F. Langhoff, Chairman
Mr. John N. Powell

Church Service Committee

John F. Langhoff, Chairman
All members of the Board assisting

Social Committee

Mrs. J. J. Reynolds, Chr'm.
Mr. Gordon L. Davidson — Mr. Karl H. Lemke
Mrs. A. S. Kredler — Mr. L. E. McCloy
Mr. John Langhoff

Membership Committee

Mr. John N. Powell, Chairman
Mrs. Frank Bryan — Mrs. A. S. Kredler
Mr. Paul Hunter — Mr. L. E. McCloy

Contributions and Pledges Committee

Mrs. May H. Harrison
Mrs. Wm. Emrich
Mrs. H. B. Hunter

Literature Table—Mrs. Frank Bryan

Mrs. Wm. Emrich

Floral Chairman—Mrs. Jacob Tolk

MUSICAL DIRECTORY

Walter Flandorf, Dir. of Music-Organist
1916 N. Lincoln Park West Moh. 4-6231

SCHOOL OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION

Robert Crosswhite, Superintendent
5729 Cornelia Ave. (34) Ave. 3-2955
Mrs. May H. Harrison, Treasurer
941 Lawrence Ave. (40) Lon. 1-0472
Mrs. Robert Crosswhite, Secretary
5729 Cornelia Ave. (34) Ave. 3-2955

CHOIR

Howard A. Wentz, II, President
Allerton Hotel (11)
Mrs. Cecilia Murphy, Sec.
Mrs. Esther Nonnenbruch, Soc. Chrmn.
Jacob Tolk, Librarian

USHER'S CLUB

Roger Miller, President
823 N. Humphrey Ave.,
Oak Park, Ill. Euc. 2123
Paul Hunter, Vice-President
4815 N. Ashland Ave. (40) Edg. 4-6978
Harold Hansen
2218 Carmen Ave. (25) Edg. 4-5998
Karl H. Lemke, Secretary
3536 N. Bosworth Ave. Bit. 8-3764
James Woods, Sergeant-at-Arms
905 Lawrence Ave. (40) Sun. 4-3815

WOMAN'S CLUB

Mrs. Preston Bradley, Honorary President
941 Lawrence Avenue (40) Lon. 1-6878
Mrs. Walter A. Stehle, President Tow. 3533
6957 N. Keating, Lincolnwood, Ill. (30)
Mrs. E. Wilbur, Vice-President
7738 Eastlake Terrace (26) Hol. 5-6706
Mrs. Glen Thomson, Rec. Sec.
2015 Farragut Ave. (25) Rav. 8-7062
Mrs. James Coughlin, Treasurer
5641 Magnolia Ave. (40) Ard. 1-7388
Mrs. Paul Raabe, Corr. Sec.
215 N. Washington St.
Park Ridge, Ill. Pk. Ridge 624-M

Directors

Mrs. H. B. Hunter, Mrs. William Emrich, Mrs. C. M. Anderson, Mrs. Walter Flandorf, Mrs. Jacob Tolk

THE PROFESSIONAL AND BUSINESS WOMAN'S CLUB

Miss Grace Rozanski, President
1434 Thome Avenue (26) Bri. 4-6914
Miss Mary Nordstrom, Vice-President
7737 Hortense St. (31) New. 1-7185
Miss Joanne Plett, Treasurer
917 Lawrence Avenue (40)
Mrs. Anna Rosenhagen, Rec. Sec.
4604 Beacon St. (40) Ard. 1-2889
Miss Elsie L. Sykora, Corr. Sec.
618 Arlington St. (14)

MEN'S CLUB

L. H. Hangel, President
4902 N. Rockwell St. (25) Rav. 8-0462
Harry H. Perry, Vice-President
919 Judson Ave., Evanston Gre. 5-6229
Harold Hansen, Secretary
2218 Carmen Ave. (25) Edg. 4-5998
William Emrich, Treasurer
949 Lawrence Ave. (40) Ard. 1-0983

THE UPTOWN PLAYERS

J. Bradley-Griffin, Director
Studios, 1149 N. LaSalle St. Mic. 2-3105

PRESTON BRADLEY AUXILIARY

Miss Ruth Kruskopf, President
5130 N. Bernard St. (25) Jun. 8-3229
Miss Esther Nordstrom, V.Pres.
7737 W. Hortense St. (31) New. 1-7185
Miss Dollie Kolberg, Sec.-Treas.
4340 N. Wolcott Ave. (13) Gra. 2-4793

GIRL SCOUT TROOP NO. 187

Miss Betty Boaz, Leader
7637 N. Greenview Ave. (26) Rog. 4-5742

BROWNIE SCOUT TROOP NO. 630

Vera Swanson, Leader
4337 N. Clarendon Ave. (15) Lak. 5-8708

CHANNING CLUB

Neal Hunter, President
4815 N. Ashland Ave. (40) Edg. 4-6978
Charles Strebel, Vice-President
5217 Belle Plaine Ave. (41) Kil. 5-4124
Gloria Zeman, Treasurer
2711 N. Washtenaw (47) Eve. 4-9135
Jeannine Sparks, Rec. Sec.
852 Lakeside Pl. (40) Sun. 4-9888
Rose Marie Lucas, Corr. Sec.
840 Lakeside Pl. (40) Edg. 4-8871
Stephen Kuhn, Sergeant at Arms
1419 Argyle St. (40) Edg. 4-5729

THE LIBERALIST

WE CAN think of no finer gift for a friend, a relative or a neighbor, than one which will remind them of your love every month in the year.

Our Liberalist is such a gift. We are trying to make this a most vital and inspiring church magazine. Every number contains a sermon by Dr. Bradley and special articles of interest and inspiration. All of the activities of the Church are emphasized. Every month there is an interesting department which Dr. Bradley writes, called "Book Chats."

There are also editorials, stories and articles, Book Reviews, and one of the most interesting features is the Radio Mail Bag in which Mrs. Bradley every month gleans from the heavy radio mail inspiring comments to pass on to readers.

If you desire to send this magazine to a friend and will send $2.00 to Mrs. Thomas A. Harrison, Subscription Manager, Peoples Church, 941 Lawrence Avenue, we will send a Card announcing your gift. The magazine is now in its twenty-fifth year of publication, and goes all over the United States and to many foreign lands. Why not send your $2.00 today? It will come regularly every month. No one connected with the publication receives any compensation and all funds above the cost of production go directly to the Treasury of the Peoples Church to help our financial problem. Please subscribe.

Subscription Coupon

The Peoples Church of Chicago,
941 Lawrence Avenue,
Chicago 40, Illinois

Please enter my subscription for THE LIBERALIST for One Year, beginning with the current number.

Enclosed find Check..... for $2.00.
Money Order.....

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... **State**.....

DIRECTORY *(Continued)*

"TOWN HALLERS"

Bruno Figura, Chairman
1505 N. Rockwell St. (22) Hum. 6-5474
Lynn Johnson, Vice-Chairman
1629 North Shore Ave. (26)

Ruth Bloom, Secretary
4829 W. Dakin St. (41)
Virginia Fosdyke, Treasurer
4949 N. Winchester Ave. (40) Ard. 1-0641

ANNOUNCEMENT!

☆ NEW EDITIONS OF DR. BRADLEY'S BOOKS NOW ON SALE EVERYWHERE

"MY DAILY STRENGTH" AND "MEDITATIONS"

These two handy-size volumes contain page after page of the inspiring messages of Dr. Preston Bradley, just as they were spoken from the pulpit of The Peoples Church of Chicago. Here are help and comfort for the sick in body and spirit, courage for the fearful, hope for the hopeless. Through the fog and darkness of the troubled world, these simple, soul-refreshing messages stand like steadfast beacons lighting "the highway to the stars."

MEDITATIONS and MY DAILY STRENGTH have clear, easy-to-read type and a handsome format. Their size is convenient for carrying in one's pocket. They are ideal for presents and remembrances for every gift-giving occasion.

Send your orders to the church office, 941 Lawrence Avenue, Chicago 40, Ill. Price, each $1.00.

• • • • •

Also Available at The Peoples Church
941 Lawrence Avenue
Chicago 40, Illinois

Dr. Bradley's Books

"NEW WEALTH FOR YOU" $1.00

Other Books by Dr. Bradley

"Mastering Fear"
"Courage For Today"
"Life and You"
"Power From Right Thinking"

Additional Announcement

Dr. Bradley's Album of Records, "Good Thoughts for Today," containing six short talks $5.00

A single record containing "The Lord's Prayer," "The Twenty-Third Psalm," and "Ninety-First Psalm" $1.25